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GERMANY ACCEPTS.

THE German delegates will sign. The final unconditional surrender of the German Government is officially announced.

It is a Germany that writhes as it submits. It is a Germany that protests it yields to force and hints darkly of difficulty and disorder to follow. It is a Germany that, even in yielding, adds one more shameless breach of faith to an infamous record. It is a Germany that will require close watching lest it scuttle German assets and German credit even as it scuttled the interned German warships at Scapa Flow and Kiel.

Nevertheless, once the Peace Treaty is signed and the darkest hour of Germany's humiliation over, we believe there will be a reaction among considerable numbers of Germans that will tend to lessen the troubles Germany can cause.

The German may give way to his emotions. He may lie on the ground and threaten to go mad at the moment he feels most the full measure of his defeat. But he is capable of quick recovery when the worst is over and a way opens toward his renewed comfort and advantage.

Boasted German discipline, seasoned German habits of industry, docility and thrift, philosophic German stress on the consolations of eating, drinking and plentiful amusement in a tranquil, well-ordered life—these noted German attributes have not been conspicuous during the period of the armistice. They may be expected to return, however, in ever increasing measure once the blessed fact of peace is felt in Germany. They will help not a little against disruptive forces.

Significant and hopeful is the kind of German reasoning that appears in the comment of the Neue Gazette on the sinking of the German warships at Scapa Flow:

> If the action carries with it injurious results for Germany it must be regretted, for Germany is hardly in a position to indulge in the luxury of heroic poses, and the brief satisfaction of appearing before the world in this Bengal illumination may have to be paid for in cash.

The more the new Germany adopts this prudent line of thought and shows it means to permit no "Bengal illuminations" of any sort now or later in honor of a defunct regime, the better place will Germany be to live in and the more rapidly will improve its relations with other nations.

Peace will not metamorphose German character. But it will bring relief from much present German suffering and allow Germans to ponder with less irritation and more benefit to themselves the lessons of the war.

In one important respect the spectacle of Germany's desperate struggles to avoid signing the Treaty is as valuable from the point of view of the future peace of the world as the just severity of the treaty terms themselves.

History cannot have too strongly to emphasize or too vividly and impressively to set forth the painful nature of the punishment to which a nation that followed Germany's example would render itself liable.

Only a Germany broken, defeated, crushed with the sense of its humiliation, "yielding to force," should come forward with the pen if the most momentous peace treaty ever signed is to be also the most promising for mankind.

REDS INVOKE THE LAW!

Characteristic is the outcry made by the Socialist New York Call over the seizure of revolutionary literature on the premises of the Rand School of Social Science.

This is not the first time, storms the Call, "that those sworn to uphold the law and the Constitution have abetted such a crime."

Scurrying to get under the protecting wing of the very law and Constitution they plot to overthrow!

That's the worst of the Reds. They are like a tenant who threatens openly to burn the landlord's property and then yells about his tenant's rights when objection is made to the stores of kerosene in his closets.

The B. R. T. furnishes another convincing demonstration that every wooden car left on the railway systems of this city is a crime and a menace.

Many American ears straining eastward this week for the first boom of peace are also listening for the death signal of wartime Prohibition.

Letters From the People

DOES A WIFE NEED A VACATION?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have read in your paper about "Does a Wife Need a Summer Vacation?"—also the answer by Mrs. J. F. Yawger. May I express my opinion? I am a mother of six children ranging in age from fifteen to twenty-four; have been married twenty-six years and had nine children, three dead. I have had four vacations during my married life, each one lasting about two weeks. During all these years I have done my own work, never had a maid, could not afford one and did not want one. I do not say that a vacation is a necessity, but it certainly seems good to a woman of my standing. I have lived through many summers without a vacation and stood it all right, but I tell you more than once in the hot days I longed for a few days of rest, and the only way for mother to get a rest is to go away, unless you are sick in bed—if that can be called rest. I do not begrudge those women who go away every summer—those who "could not live without going away." I have lived without vacations and am still alive, but the change and rest of a few days, oh, how good it seemed.

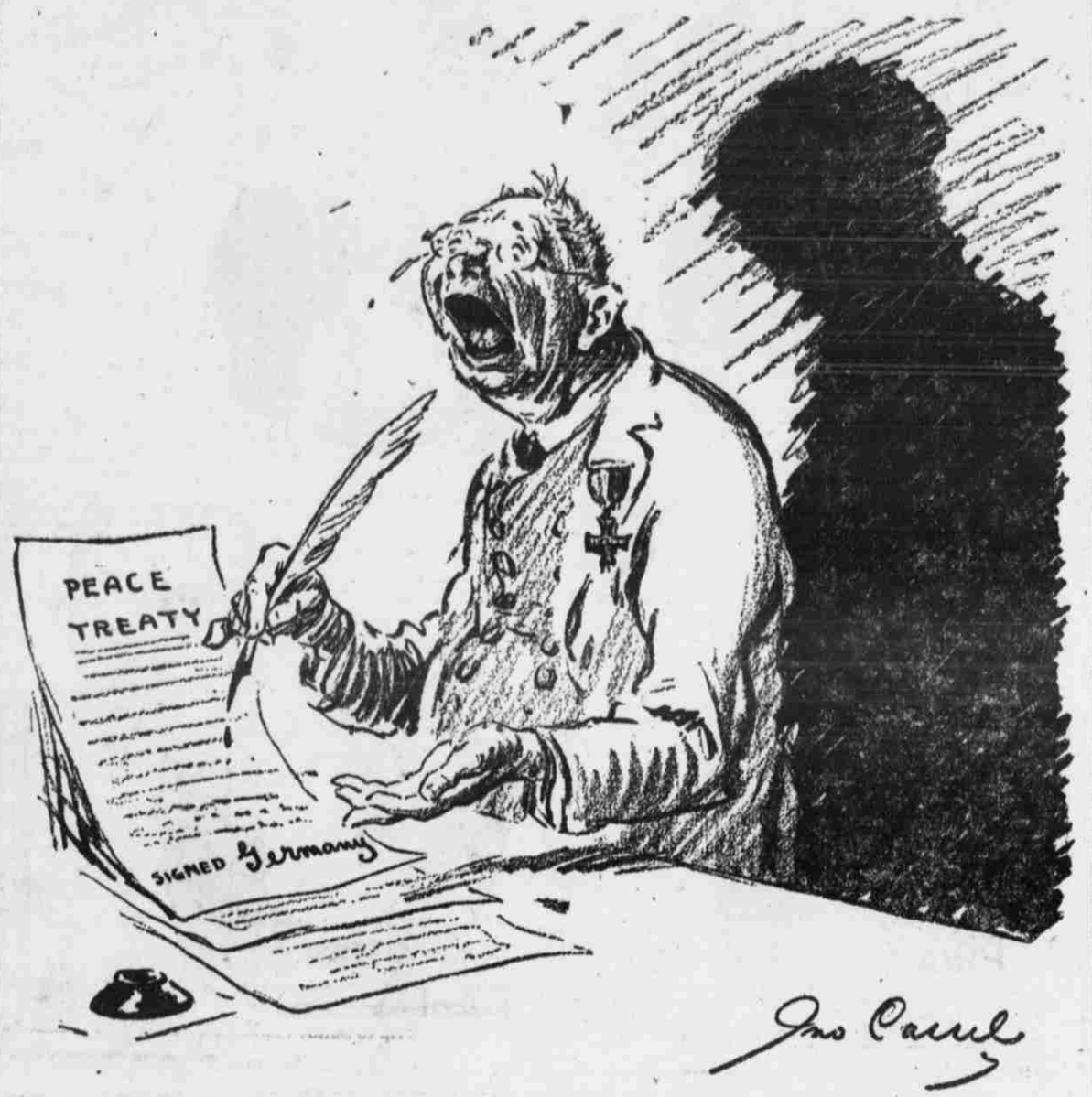
Mrs. C. G.

German experimenters have made a textile from the fibre of a plant similar to the North American cat tail.

Apparatus has been invented for making theatre programmes useful a second time by cleaning and pressing them.

Licked!

By J. H. Cassel



The Marriage Of Many Years

By Sophie Irene Loeb

Making Too Much of Petty Things

A FEW days ago I wrote in these columns the story of an incident in the "eternal triangle," where the young man, a friend of the family, alienated the affections of the wife, and where the husband took the sensible view of the situation, so that the balance of their lives might not be in vain.

In direct contrast to this state of affairs is the case of a husband and wife with whom I dined a few days ago.

Mr. and Mrs. M. have been married for twenty-three years, and they were going away for a brief trip to celebrate his birthday.

They have two beautiful children and are the happiest people in the world.

I know that neither one of them would change the partnership for anything in the world.

The man is a prominent business man, and I discovered that one of the big elements of the success of this marriage was the wife's keen interest in the welfare and progress of her husband.

Besides being the mother of his children, and his companion, she has undertaken to know something about his work and has proved the real partner.

This keen interest has somehow inspired a similar one in him, as to her work and her needs, and I never saw more genuine devotion than is manifested by this couple.

If as in this instance, after twenty-three years, people can truthfully say that the partnership has been thoroughly satisfactory, then the disgruntled people, who believe that marriage is a failure, might well take notice.

And there are many families like this couple—only you don't hear about them as you do about the mistaken marriages.

You know the type of woman—you have seen her—she who is the happy wife and mother.

As in the instance mentioned, knowing her husband to be such a busy man, and understanding the needs of his business, she does not make a scene when he disappoints her at dinner. She does not insist on following his life in every little detail.

She accepts his excuses without casting reflections on his veracity.

In a word, she is sensible about it all. She takes the reasonable point of view.

And there are reasonable women in the world and reasonable men, too.

If I were asked to give the most important element in a happy marriage, I would say, tolerance. Tolerance for each other's tastes—tolerance for each other's mistakes—tolerance for each other's needs.

The people who cultivate tolerance are those who look at things through the large lense and see a bigger vision of things that are worth while.

If I were asked to give the principal element that made for miserable marriage, I would say, making too much of petty things.

If all the miseries in the marriage relation were summed up, most of them would be trifling mole hills that have grown to mountains because of the unwillingness of either party to forgive trifling incidents.

They harbor their grievance over a small offense. And before you know it, there are many such offenses which continue to mount up until they are difficult to overcome.

The sure way is to look over the big things and overlook the petty ones.

Worth a Thought Perhaps

THE stained glass of the cathedral of Le Mans is said by critics to be the loveliest in France.

"The real and legitimate goal of the sciences," said Bacon, "is the endowment of human life with new commodities."

Once in his law days while Lincoln was in Chicago trying a suit, his wife had the roof taken off their house to make the house higher. On Lincoln's return he manifested great surprise and asked a passerby, "Stranger, can you tell me where Lincoln lives?" Receiving the desired information, he then gravely entered the domicile.

Thomas Jefferson, according to William E. Curtis, one of his biographers, was devoid of a sense of humor. Says the latter: "He rarely told a story and seldom enjoyed one, and witticisms were wasted in his presence."

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Some of Mrs. Jarr's Friends Are Pained to Learn Bad News May Be a Boomerang

MRS. JARR came hurriedly to the window when she heard the sound of an automobile halting in the street below.

The Stryvers had an automobile, Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith had one. Mr. Jarr had come home in a taxicab over and anon, although he always said somebody else paid for it—so Mrs. Jarr was not at all flustered when she looked down and saw it was Mrs. Stryver calling in state. Yet she rejoiced that almost every good housewife in the neighborhood was hanging out of the window, so she waved her hand down to Mrs. Stryver, although Mrs. Stryver was not looking up, that the neighbors might know it was Mrs. Jarr the automobile caller was visiting in style.

Then, what do you think? Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith's new town car snorted up. And Mrs. Stryver's motor—not a cheap car, either, though last season's model—had to move on a bit.

Mrs. Stryver had a start on Mrs. Mudridge-Smith in climbing up the stairs to the Jarr flat, but Mrs. Mudridge-Smith hadn't so much weight to carry for age. And the two arrived at the door at the same time, but both too much out of breath to talk at the moment.

"Why, what a surprise!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "The both of you coming at the same time!" And she kissed them. "Come right in and take off your things. I'll have Gertrude make us a cup of tea."

Mrs. Jarr was all smiles, but on the faces of both her visitors were sorrowful expressions. Fortunately Mrs. Jarr surmised what bad news they thought they bore to her. At least she hoped it was what she surmised.

She knew it was something both thought would grieve her. What else brings women in a hurry to the homes of others unless to be the first to endeavor to pour sympathy upon sorrow—after having first brought the news that caused the sorrow?

Mrs. Stryver regarded Mrs. Mudridge-Smith with a displeased look. Mrs. Mudridge-Smith was smiling. At least, she thought, she was there co-eval with Mrs. Stryver with tidings to distress, even though she had not got there ahead of the stout messenger of woe.

Mrs. Stryver had a parcel. She was carrying it herself, as she hadn't brought along a footman—and chauffeurs are just as good as you are and better. They will carry nothing. Mrs. Mudridge-Smith had a big bunch of roses.

"These are for you, dearie," said Mrs. Mudridge-Smith, handing the flowers to Mrs. Jarr.

Mrs. Stryver again gave a hard look to the younger visitor and clutched her package. It was a lace shawl she had intended to cheer Mrs. Jarr up with, but now that the dreadful gossip, Mrs. Mudridge-Smith, was on the scene Mrs. Stryver determined to hold back her present, and perhaps, if Mrs. Mudridge-Smith broke the bad news first, to take it back home with her and not to let on it was anything for Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, what has happened, that you two drop in on me in this delightful way?" asked Mrs. Jarr again, as the ladies were all seated in the parlor.

"I have a duty," said Mrs. Stryver. Mrs. Jarr looked so perturbed that Mrs. Stryver began to open the package.

"You didn't see they are all buds!" said Mrs. Mudridge-Smith, seeing Mrs. Jarr's attention was distracted from the flowers. "I know you liked buds best; besides, they last longer than full blown roses."

"You had better have brought her a floral design for her funeral," croaked Mrs. Stryver dismally.

"What IS the matter?" asked Mrs. Jarr in alarm.

"I never carry tales," said Mrs. Stryver. "I am above backstairs gossip, Mrs. Mudridge-Smith will tell you."

"You saw it first. You made us all swear we would never mention it!" cried Mrs. Mudridge-Smith.

"I was not going to mention it, but I see you here and I thought it best to break it to her gently."

"No, we mustn't tell her on account of the children," said Mrs. Mudridge-Smith.

"You alarm me," said Mrs. Jarr.

"As it is a terrible thing, we should not discuss, let us not talk of it:" said Mrs. Stryver. "Here is a lace shawl I've brought you as a present."

Mrs. Jarr looked so pleased, Mrs. Stryver felt sorry she had been so generous.

"Oh, I can't tell her! I can't tell her!" cried the other visitor.

So they both started to tell her at once.

"We saw your husband coming out of a liquor store auction!" they cried.

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Jarr, clutching the presents, "he went to bid on a lot of stuff for your husbands! Didn't your husbands tell you?"

Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland

Another throne is tottering—another king shall fall.
Down with the last world-conquerer—farewell, King Alcohol!
A "tyrant," you have reigned, they say—and yours a tyrant's lot,
And yet, each year, some royalists will hatch another plot
To put you on your throne again. They'll try a thousand ways!
The world is full of "junkers," now, who mourn "the good old days!"

AND in the meantime, has the man of YOUR house ruined all the kettles and got all the enamel off the stew pans trying to brew things that (thank heaven) never turn out to be anything but sour-mash? Well, men WILL be boys, they say!

To find your mate—that is good fortune; to know him when you find him—that is inspiration; to win him when you know him—that is art; to keep him when you've won him—that is a miracle!

The Kaiser may have murdered babies and bombed hospitals, but perhaps even HE never did anything quite so cruel as to tell a woman of forty that she looked her full age!

If nothing but their heart strings became entangled, people wouldn't find marriage so binding. It's a man's purse strings and a woman's apron strings that really form the Gordian knot.

Sometimes a man's idea of cutting down "overhead" expenses consists entirely in denying himself the pleasure of buying his wife any more hats.

A woman wastes more time dreaming over an old love affair than it would take a man to start half a dozen new ones.

Up to twenty-one, a young man can always think of a lot of pleasanter and more fascinating ways of making a living than by working for it.

A clever woman can dig the grave of her rival with a few patronizing compliments.

How They Made Good

By Albert Payson Terhune.

NO. 51—EDWIN FORREST, America's First Great Actor.

Was Hooted At During First Appearance.

IT was the first night of a new play at a Philadelphia theatre in 1817. One of the important parts was that of a fifteen-year-old girl. As this character came on the stage the astonished audience noticed, below her frilled skirts a pair of enormous nobnailed boots and the bottoms of an equally enormous and shabby peg-top tweed trousers.

At sight of this incongruous underpinning for the costume of a dainty maiden of fifteen, the audience set up a howl of delight. Loudest of the laughers was a gawky half-grown boy who sat with his parents in the front row. The "girl" singled out this guffawing youth, from among the rest of the laughers. Striding to the footlights, the "girl" shook a brawny fist at the lad and bellowed in thunderous tones at him:

"Come out into the alley and I'll punch your silly head!"

Just then one of the older actors hustled the challenger off the stage and into the arms of the angry manager who stood swearing in the wings.

Thus ended the first stage appearance of Edwin Forrest, America's first really great actor. He was the son of a Philadelphia widow; and was apprenticed to a tradesman. In his spare time he was forever hanging around the theatre, doing all sorts of odd jobs in return for a chance to see the plays. One night a girl in the company fell ill. Young Forrest was allowed to play the part, having learned its lines in record time. But the manager omitted to look him over before he went on for the performance. Hence the shoes and trousers. Forrest had not been able to get into the actress's tight slippers, so had worn his own boots. And he had kept on his trousers, too.

This first experience would have been enough to cure any ordinary boy of stage sickness. But Forrest was hanging around the theatre again within a week, and some time later he began to attract attention, for he was a strapping big fellow even then, with a handsome face, a mighty voice, and a magnetic personality.

At last he had a chance to act Young Norval in the once popular tragedy of "Douglas." (Your grandparents, as school children, used to recite Young Norval's principal speech, beginning: "My name is Norval. On the Grampian Hills my father feeds his flock." Forrest was still in his nineteens at the time. But he scored a brilliant success in this play.

And then his mother made him go back to his shop job. As success seemed in his reach, he must turn his back on it and continue a line of work he detested. Yet he was resolved to make good, and, on the first opportunity he joined a road company, where he served a far harder and worse paid apprenticeship in his art than any modern actor can realize. Ill-paid, ill-taught, overworked, he nevertheless toiled on.

By this time he was a giant in physique and strength, with a tremendous voice, a lionlike head and a fierce temper. By dint of sheer noise and personality he forged ahead. He was making good, but he was bitterly dissatisfied. He knew his work was not good. He knew it was merely the best of a bad lot of acting, and he strove to better it.

He saw his chance to do this when Edmund Kean, England's foremost actor (and a polished artist) visited the United States. Forrest watched Kean's acting at every opportunity, studying its subtle details, learning how to substitute skill for more ranting, yet how to make the most of his own size and glorious voice. He got an engagement in Kean's company, working for a mere pittance in order to improve his own artistic education.

Obtained Engagement to Further His Talent.

And the result proved his wisdom, for a year or so later Forrest made his New York debut in "Othello," and in a night he proved to the public that America at last had an inspired actor.

He had made good. His career from then on was an almost continuous upward flight to immortal fame and to wealth.

Saving the Pieces

AFTER an hour's instruction on walking post, general orders and the two special orders relating to Post No. 1, the instructing officer told us to get our guns. We were assigned to "posts" on the parade grounds, given certain orders and told to act like real sentinels.

Five minutes afterward another officer, sent out to test us, strolled up to Post No. 1.

"Let me see your gun, O'Hara," said he.

O'Hara, unsuspecting, handed it over. The officer, after looking it over, balanced it on one hand.

"Have some trouble in cleaning it, O'Hara?"

"Yes, sir," answered O'Hara. "A little, sir. It was pretty greasy when I first got it."

"I see." Then:

"O'Hara, you broke your sixth general order when you let me have that gun, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, then, what is your seventh general order?"

"To talk to no one, except in line of duty, sir."

"You broke that one also."

"Yes, sir." O'Hara, raging inwardly, turned and walked away.

"O'Hara," shouted the officer, "I did not dismiss you. Where are you going?"

"Sir," says O'Hara, halting, "if I stay here another minute I'm afraid I'll break the other ten and the two specials."—Private Joseph L. Graham in Judge.